

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

Clayton Arms Hotel Nelson Haunting.

In the heart of Manchester Road, Nelson Lancashire nestled amidst the bustling streets and charming architecture, stood The Clayton Arms Hotel. It was a testament to history, a grand establishment that had witnessed the ebb and flow of time since its construction in the year 1863.

Lord Every Clayton, born in the year 1841, had overseen the creation of this magnificent edifice, a blend of Victorian elegance and timeless beauty.

As the years passed, The Clayton Arms Hotel became not just a place to rest one's head, but a cornerstone of the community. One particular family was intertwined with its legacy – the Coopers. William Cooper, a man of dignified bearing and a bowler hat perched upon his head, had taken up the role of the esteemed landlord. With a strong sense of responsibility, he had applied for a license in January of 1904, ensuring that the hotel remained a hub of social activity and comfort.

In the midst of this historic setting, a scene often unfolded that seemed almost frozen in time. William Cooper, with his bowler hat ever-present, would often find himself standing before the window of the smoke room. His eyes would gaze out onto the world beyond, perhaps pondering the tales the walls of the hotel could tell if they could speak.

Jesse Cooper, William's son, was a constant presence as well. A figure of youthful energy, he often stood in the doorway of the hotel, a glass barrel hanging above him – a symbol of the hospitality and spirits that awaited within. The motto etched onto the sign above the entrance was a reflection of their philosophy: "Everything Comes To He Who Waits." It was a reminder that patience and perseverance would be rewarded in due time.

But the passage of time is rarely without its mysteries. Legends began to weave themselves around The Clayton Arms Hotel, and one such legend was that of William Cooper's ghost. It was said that during the day, his spirit would wander the area, a faint echo of the man who had once overseen the affairs of the hotel. Yet, it was at night that the tales became more vivid.

Under the soft glow of the moon, those who walked the quiet streets could sometimes glimpse the ghostly figure of William Cooper. He would stand near where the old main door had once welcomed patrons, now transformed into a shop that traded in modern wares. Despite the changes around him, his spirit seemed to find solace in wandering through the places he had once known so well.

Whispers of his presence spread among the locals, and some claimed to have had brief, ethereal conversations with the spirit. Whether it was a shared memory or a longing for a time gone by, William Cooper's ghost remained a mysterious and poignant part of The Clayton Arms Hotel's narrative.

And so, The Clayton Arms Hotel continued to stand as a beacon of history, a place where the past intertwined with the present, and where the echoes of those who had once walked its halls still lingered in the air. The Coopers' legacy, intertwined with the very bricks and mortar of the building, ensured that their story would be told and retold, each chapter adding to the tapestry of the old hotel on Manchester Road.

By Donald Jay.